

JULY

No. 67

10c



WELCOME HOME!

Ex-Sgt. OGDEN WHITNEY
draws SKYMAN again
starting this issue!



JOE PALOOKA
DIXIE DUGAN
THE SKYMAN

TONY TRENT
CRANBERRY BOGGS
BRASS KNUCKLES

SPARKY WATTS
CHARLIE CHAN
and BO

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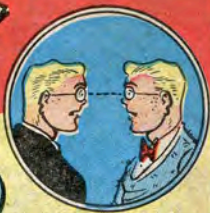
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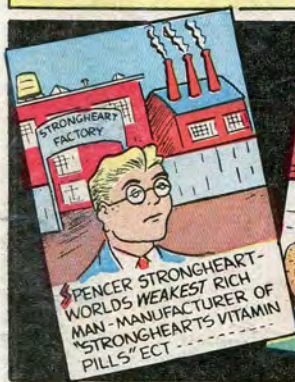
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Name
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SPARKY WATTS

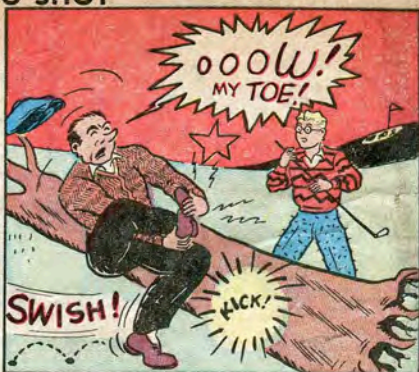


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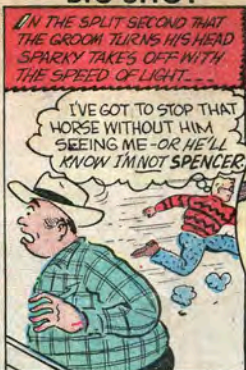
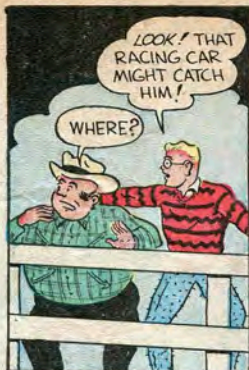


IN THE LAST ISSUE **SPARKY** RESCUED **SPENCER** FROM A GANG OF KIDNAPPERS. TIRED OF LIVING LIKE A WEAKLING **SPENCER** ASKS **SPARKY** TO CHANGE HOMES FOR A WHILE IN THE HOPE OF BECOMING A MAN.



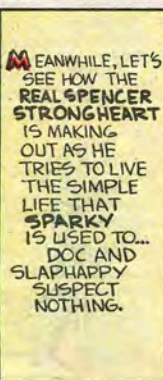


BIG SHOT



--- HALF A SECOND LATER ---





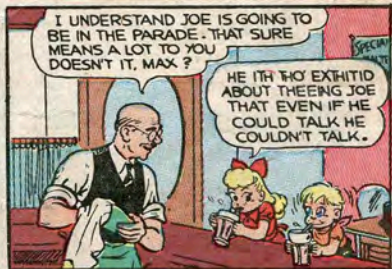
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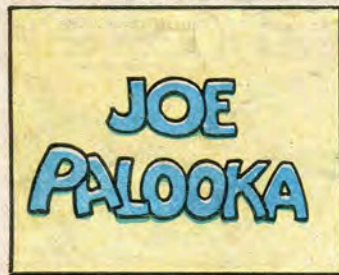


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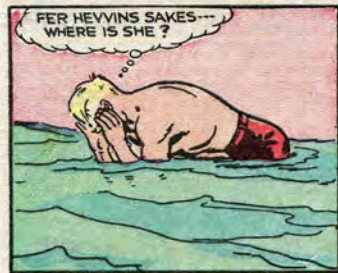
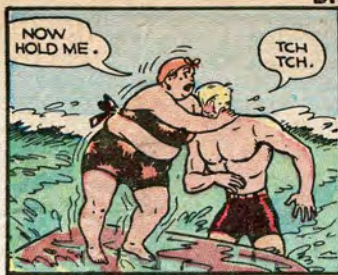


JOE PALOOKA





BIG SHOT



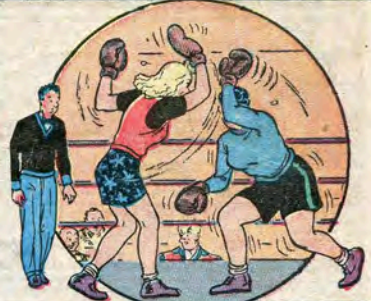
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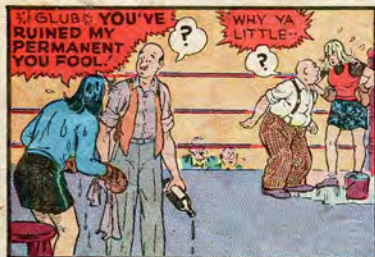
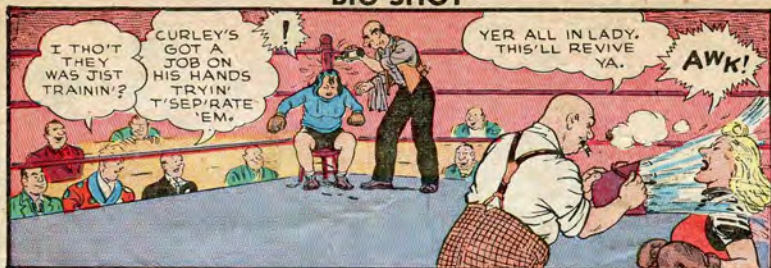
BIG SHOT



JOE PALOOKA



BIG SHOT



"A COMIC MAGAZINE FOR ALL THE FAMILY"

WELCOME HOME, OGDEN WHITNEY!

HELLO, FANS! Big Shot Comics is happy to announce the return of OGDEN WHITNEY to its fine art staff. After drawing SKYMAN for four years, Ogden enlisted in the U. S. Army. Now, back from the Pacific War Zone with a chestful of campaign ribbons and an honorable discharge, Ogden has settled down to the task of offering our readers the finest quality in comic strip entertainment. We are sure all of you will join us in saying, "WELCOME HOME, OGDEN WHITNEY."

The SKYMAN

COLUMBIA COMIC

CORP

by Ogden Whitney



SOUTH OF THE BORDER, DOWN MEXICO WAY... AND WHAT BEGINS AS A VACATION RAPIDLY SHAPES UP AS A NIGHTMARE. WITH THE RESULT THAT SKYMAN, HARD DRIVING VAQUERO OF THE SKIES, HAS NO TIME AT ALL FOR SIESTAS IN THE BAKING HEAT OF TROPICAL TREACHERY.

WE BEGIN PEACEFULLY ENOUGH, SEVERAL THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE MEXICAN RESORT TOWN OF AQUAROJO...



WONDER IF AQUAROJO SUNSHINE IS AS GOOD AS THE TRAVEL ADS SAY...
... HUH?



BIG SHOT





BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

DIXIE DUGAN

By McEvoy And Streibel

THE STRANGER WITH THE BROKEN LEG HAS LEFT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD TO DIXIE!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

NOT TONIGHT! THERE MIGHT BE A FEW WOLVES PROWLING AROUND THE SOCIAL LIONS



COME IN, PA!



S'CUSE IT, DARLIN'! — YA GOT A CALLER DOWNSTAIRS!

GOLLY, SO SOON? I'LL MAKE HIM COMFORTABLE TILL YOU'RE READY! — HERE!



BUT I'M READY! WHAT DO I WANT THE PAPER FOR?

T'READ FER AN HOUR OR SO — YOU KNOW — KEEP HIM WAITING —



— S'AN OLD TRICK YER MA USTA PULL ON ME WHEN I WAS A' COURTIN'!



IF MICKEY COMES HOME BEFORE I DO, TELL HER TO LEAVE A LIGHT ON IN THE HALLWAY

O.K., DEAR! — NOW REALLY HAVE A GOOD TIME —



— FORGET THE DIFFERENCE IN YOUR SOCIAL STATUS AND REMEMBER THERE'LL BE NO SOCIETY GIRL ANY PRETTIER THAN YOU!

YOU SWEET DARLING, I LOVE YOU!



— ? ? — OH! — DIDN'T 'WHAT'S HIS NAME' COME FOR ME?

MR. BLACK WAS INDISPOSED! — HE TOLD ME TO — UH — COLLECT YOU!

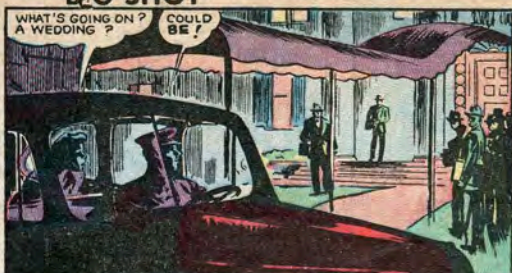


AREN'T YOU THE SAME PERSON WHO CALLED FOR MR. BLACK WHEN HE LEFT MY HOUSE A FEW DAYS AGO?

YES, MISS DUGAN — I AM —



BIG SHOT



STEPPING OUT INTO HIGH SOCIETY, DIXIE IS SURPRISED TO LEARN SHE'S THE GUEST OF HONOR !

BIG SHOT

MISS DUGAN—WOULD YOU MIND WALKING AROUND A BIT SO WE CAN LOOK YOU OVER A LITTLE MORE CAREFULLY?



WHAT IS THIS? AM I BEING AUCTIONED OFF TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER?



YOU MIS-UNDERSTAND, DIXIE!

YOU'D BETTER APOLOGIZE, MR. BLACK! I THOUGHT I WAS COMING OVER TO MEET YOUR FOLKS—NOT TO BE EXHIBIT 'A' AT A PARTY!



PLEASE LET ME EXPLAIN.

WHAT IS THERE TO EXPLAIN? WHAT AM I TO DO? HANDSPRINGS? TAP DANCING? SINGING?



WELL—UH—MAL—JUST ONE MOMENT—



UH—UH—YES, O.K.—ALL RIGHT

O.K., DIXIE—IF YOU CAN DO ALL THOSE THINGS, GO AHEAD!

YOU—YOU MEAN IT??



IF YOU'VE BROUGHT ME HERE TO MAKE ME APPEAR RIDICULOUS GOODNIGHT



WAIT—WE'RE NOT MAKING FUN OF YOU—WE'RE SERIOUS—

THIS PARTY WAS MEANT AS A SURPRISE TO YOU—YOU RECALL HOW I STAYED AT YOUR HOUSE INCOGNITO AFTER YOU FOUND ME WITH A BROKEN LEG?



A BIT SILLY, WASN'T IT?

NOT WHEN I WAS DECIDING WHETHER OR NOT YOU WERE THE LOGICAL CANDIDATE FOR NUMBER ONE DEBUTANTE OF AMERICA!



W-WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY??



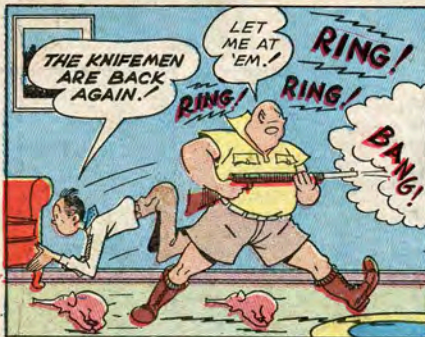
MORE ABOUT DIXIE THE DEBUTANTE IN THE NEXT ISSUE

BRASS KNUCKLES

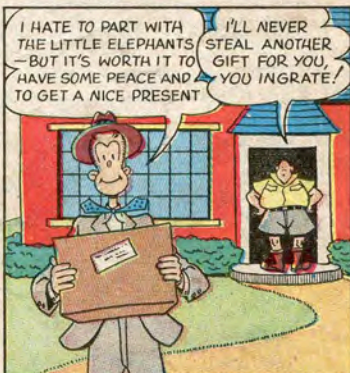
by MARTY



MEANWHILE



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

SIXTY DAYS LATER

GET OUT!

HE'S A DISGRACE TO THE FAMILY!

A BODY AIN'T SAFE WITH THAT HOODLUM LOOSE AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY, MA'AM — THE POLICE WILL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM

I'M GONNA HATE THIS TOWN AND EVERYBODY IN IT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAME HOME FOR YOUR SPECIAL DELIVERY PACKAGE, YOU JAIL-BIRD.

MY PRESENT FROM THE MAHARAJAH!

I WONDER WHAT IT IS?

WHERE'S MY TIP, CHEAP SKATE?

I DEMAND THAT YOU GIVE HIM A SUMMONS FOR BLOCKING THE SIDEWALK

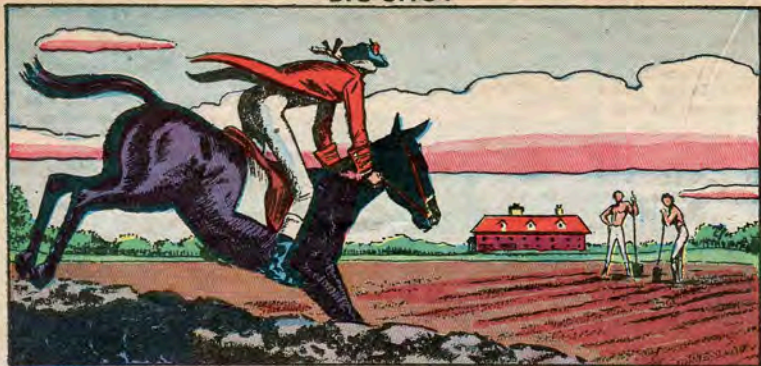
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE

IT'S A MAN-EATING TIGER!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

Dear Maharajah —

Many, many thanks! That man-eating tiger is just what I wanted.



Squire Kingsman Comes To Propose

By MART BAILEY

PADDY DOYLE, The Dublin Terror, and Jamie Cuthbert, who hoped some day to be the Heavyweight Boxing Champion of the British Empire, leaned on their spades to watch the red-coated horseman galloping towards them over the greening meadow. The stone wall was a five-foot jump, but the magnificent black stallion took it with scarcely a change of gait. For an instant the horse appeared about to stumble in the furrowed earth on the other side of the wall. The rider pulled him up, however, and man and beast continued their gallop with the grace of a team of ballet dancers.

Jamie whistled. "He rides like the Devil himself!"

"Faith and it's no wonder!" said The Dublin Terror, a scowl darkening his fist-mashed face. "It is the Devil himself!"

Jamie spat disgustedly in the direction of the approaching horseman. It was the long-legged snake, Squire Kingsman.

In addition to being the best pistol shot and swordsman in His Majesty's colonies, the Squire obviously was an excellent horseman. And on this bright March morning he rode with studied skill, because he knew that young Dorothy Holliday was watching from her window in the great red brick house. Squire Kingsman was on his way to propose marriage to that lovely lady.

What Squire Kingsman didn't know was that, although the lady did see his red coat flashing in the sunlight, her fawn brown eyes were fixed mostly on Jamie Cuthbert, the giant young pu-

gilist, who was helping to plant the Holliday fields in exchange for his board.

Brazenly, Jamie and Paddy stood their ground while the funereal black stallion bore down upon them, its hooves drumming the freshly turned earth and the red-coated Squire swinging lithely in the saddle. At the last moment, however, the two pugilists had to leap aside. As horse and rider thundered past, a spatter of lather from the stallion's mouth flicked across Jamie's angry cheek.

Jamie wiped off the lather with the back of his big hand and glared after the horseman, storing up in his memory the snarl which the Squire had thrown at him. Remembering the Squire's gleaming white teeth, he tongued the space lately occupied by his missing front tooth.

"Did you see the foppery of him?" Jamie demanded of Paddy, who had resumed his spading. "No doubt he's come to call on Dorothy."

"And why shouldn't Dorothy be courted by all her eligible young neighbors?" Paddy glanced slyly out of the corner of his eye to observe the effect of this barb. He was rewarded richly.

"Young!" Jamie swore, hurling a spadeful of earth over his shoulder. "The long-legged Squire is over thirty, and the father of four children. And his poor second wife not more than two months in her cold grave!"

Paddy twisted his fist-mashed face in a grin. "Old woman's gossip!" he taunted.

Jamie spat at a worm that was poking its annoyed head into the unfamiliar sunlight.

BIG SHOT

"That's neither here nor there! The fact is that if Dorothy's going to marry anyone, it should be a decent young gentleman—"

"Like yourself, of course!" Paddy chuckled.

The Dublin Terror was delighted to see Jamie's ears turn a gaudy crimson.

II

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, Squire Kingsman, handsome in his red coat with the fluff of fine lace at his chin, stepped out of the red brick mansion. Dorothy Holliday clung to his arm, a lovely vision in shimmering white satin. Her sunshade bobbing coquettishly, they walked towards the stone-flagged garden, where Spring was beginning to burgeon in the rose bushes and among the vines that climbed the delicate trellises.

"Tis no doubt about it, Jamie," Paddy told his young friend. "The long-legged Snake has come to propose. He's taking Dorothy into the garden, which is a fine place for a romance—"

"Or a nose-breaking," Jamie finished. He threw down the spade and strode off towards the barns.

Looking after him, Paddy Doyle rubbed his head and wondered what young Jamie was up to.

III

SQUIRE KINGSMAN was about to seat himself beside lovely Dorothy on the marble bench when Jamie appeared in the garden with a ladder, a fistful of brushes, and a pot of white paint. His advent caused the Squire to pause in the act of parting the tails of his elegant red coat and to scowl darkly. Dorothy smiled, her fawn brown eyes dancing with merriment. Apparently unconcerned by the scowl or the smile, Jamie set the ladder against the trellis and began slapping paint over the weathered slats.

The Squire tried to ignore the interruption. "My dear," he cooed, his thin lips close to the girl's pink ear, "despite your tender years, you are at an age when you must think of marriage."

The trellis creaked loudly. Squire Kingsman broke off to frown at Jamie, who was strenuously climbing over the fragile laths and noisily clattering his paint pot.

From atop the trellis, Jamie had a fine view of the rolling farm and meadows and clumps of woodland. Once he caught Dorothy's luminous eyes upon him; mischievous they were with knowledge of what Jamie was doing; and he quickly averted his gaze like an embarrassed small boy. When the Squire glowered at him, however, Jamie stared back stonily.

"I am a man of wealth and position," Squire Kingsman resumed doggedly, though he had but half of Dorothy's attention. Alarm widening her big, fawn brown eyes, she wondered whether the

flimsy trellis would hold Jamie's tremendous weight.

"I say!" Squire Kingsman fumed, his cold eyes more than ever snakelike. "Must you paint that consarned thingumbob?"

The trellis snapped perilously as Jamie continued crawling over the laths. "Have to paint the trellis before the vines start sprouting, sir," Jamie replied politely.

Frowning, the Squire brought his tight lips again close to Dorothy's ear. From his precarious perch Jamie could see that the girl was having difficulty controlling her laughter.

"As I say, my dear," the Squire murmured, "I am a wealthy man, and though perhaps out of modesty I shouldn't say it, the most respected and—"

The trellis cracked.

Squire Kingsman got up from the marble bench. He stamped angrily towards Jamie.

"Climb down from there!" he snapped. "And go away at once!"

Standing directly under Jamie, the Squire looked up into pale blue eyes that glared back with none of the subservience he expected of an inferior.

And then, quite unexpectedly, Squire Kingsman was no longer staring up at Jamie. His vision was clouded by the sudden descent of a pot of white paint, a fistful of brushes, and assorted fragments of trellis laths. All landed squarely on the irate Squire. And above the tumult and the shouting rose a feminine sound that might have been a shriek or a short laugh.

IV

SQUIRE KINGSMAN rode away from the Holliday farm looking somewhat like Don Quixote after the unfortunate joust with the windmill. Even his horse limped homeward without spirit.

Paddy Doyle, resting his chin on the long-handled spade, cheerfully observed that the Squire departed by the gate rather than jump the five-foot stone wall.

"He'll never forgive you, Jamie boy," the big Irishman chuckled. "His fine red coat looks as if it were caught in a blizzard. 'Tis a wonder he didn't shoot you dead on the spot!"

"He would have, if Dorothy hadn't told him I was just a clumsy farmhand." Jamie sighed unhappily. "Me, the champion boxer of the whole British Empire—just a clumsy farmhand! That's what she said."

"Don't believe half of what a lady says," Paddy laughed. "You're just clumsy! . . . Now run along and help her with that cool pitcher of punch I see she's carrying out to us, before she drops it from laughing."

THE END

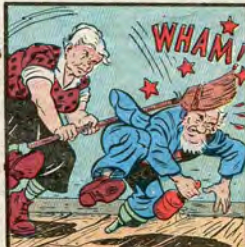
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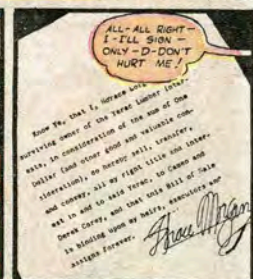
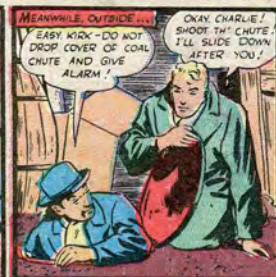
BIG SHOT



GREAT DAY IN TH' MORNIN'!! HE'S BEEN TREATIN' THAT FER FORTY YEARS NOW! I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!



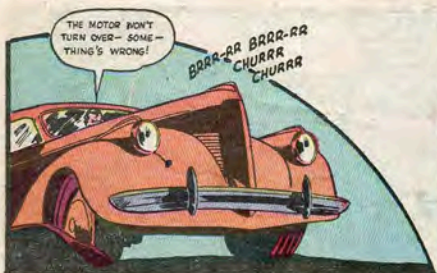
CHARLIE Chan



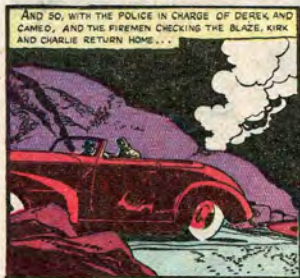
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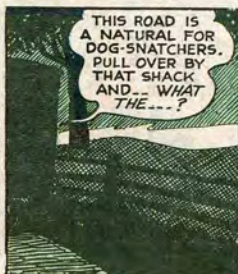
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BY FRANK BECK

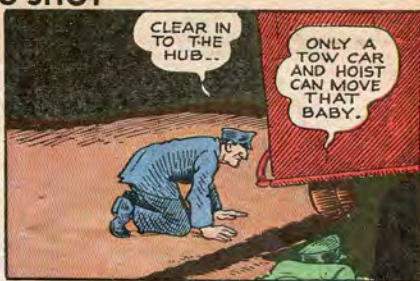
THE
HUMANE
SOCIETY
IS ON THE
TRAIL
OF THE
MEN WHO
HAVE
DOG-NAPPED
BO



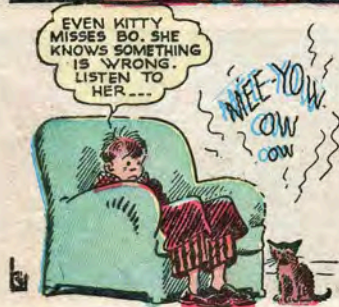
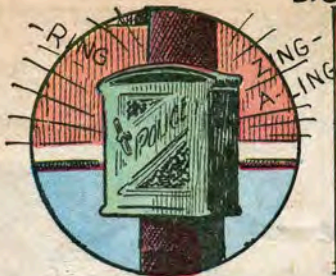
OH BOY! I'M GOING TO HUG THIS CORNER. THOSE POOCHES HAVE STARTED SOMETHING. THIS BUMPY TRUCK TOSSED THEM TOGETHER ONCE TOO OFTEN--



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

THEY'VE GOT THE POLICE OUT
AND ARE DOING THEIR BEST.
OF ALL THE LOW DOWN
FORMS OF THIEVERY,
STEALING KIDS PETS
AND LETTING
THEM
WORRY--



NO LUCK-- RED'S
TOWING CAR IS
SOMEWHERE
AROUND HELPING
THOSE CROOKS
GET THEIR VAN
OUT OF A HOLE,
BUT WHERE?

LET'S TRY IT
AGAIN. IF THEY
DO GET OUT
THEY'LL HEAD
FOR ANOTHER
TOWN TO SELL
THE DOGS.



HIGHER, HIGHER,
RED. WIND UP
THAT WINCH. WE
WANT TO GET
OUT OF HERE.



WHAT'S THE IDEA
OF JIGGLING US
AROUND THIS
WAY..



OH, OH! I WAS
AFRAID OF THAT
HAPPENING-- ME
FOR A NEUTRAL
CORNER



GR-RR WOOF BOW WOW GR-RR

!! ☆ !! NOW
YOU'VE STARTED
SOMETHING--
DOUSE THE
MUTTS
WITH
WATER!



LISTEN-- A
BUNCH OF DOGS
BARKING-- UP
THAT SIDE ROAD.
QUICK-- OUR
SEARCH IS
ENDED--

IT'S THOSE DOG
SNATCHERS-- SEE
THE OUTLINES
OF THAT TRUCK
AND TOW CAR?



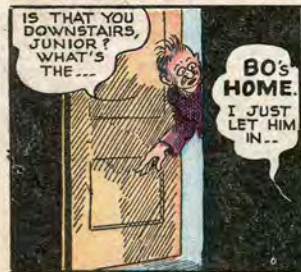
FILL THAT BUCKET WITH
WATER SO I CAN SHUT
THESE MUTTS UP--
-- HEY-- COPS--
BEAT IT--



FOR GOSH SAKES!
THE DOOR IS OPEN
AND NOBODY IS
HERE--



BIG SHOT



MORE OF BO IN THE NEXT ISSUE

BIG SHOT

ALL IN A LIFETIME



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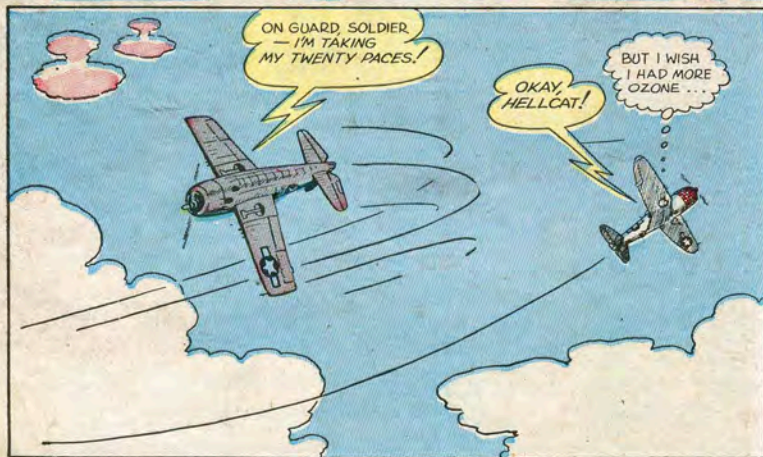
TONY TRENT

MART
BAILEY

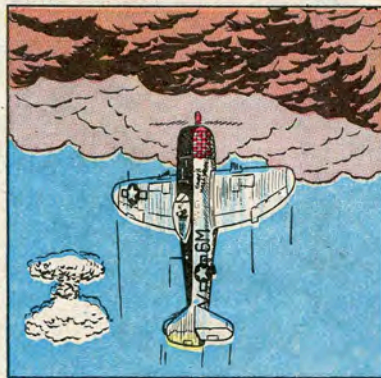


HIGH IN THE SKIES OVER JAPAN, SWEET WILLIUM FIGHTS A STRANGE DUEL — WITH MOVIE FILM INSTEAD OF BULLETS — TO DECIDE WHETHER BABS WALSH WILL GO TO THE VICTORY DANCE WITH MAJOR TONY TRENT OR LT. HELLCAT RANKIN, THE U.S. NAVY'S HOTTEST HOT PILOT

79

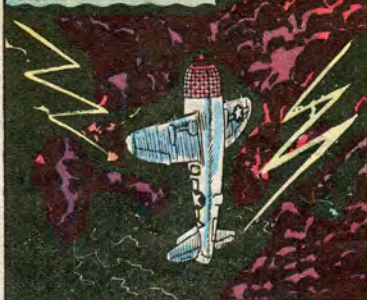


BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

INSIDE THE THUNDERHEAD ANGRY STORMS LASH AT THE ARMY P-47... AN AIRSHIP LESS RUGGED WOULD BE HAMMERED INTO SMITHEREENS....



BUT THE P-47, LIKE THE INDESTRUCTIBLE THUNDERBOLT FOR WHICH IT WAS NAMED, ROCKETS OUT OF THE THUNDERHEAD UNHARMED, ITS AIRSPEED GRATIFYINGLY INCREASED BY THE MIGHTY UPDRAFT.



AT 30,000 FEET, THE TWO AMERICAN WAR BIRDS FROLIC IN MOCK BATTLE... FOR TEN MINUTES, ENDLESSLY CHASING EACH OTHER, NEITHER CAN GAIN THE UPPER HAND... THEN...



BIG SHOT

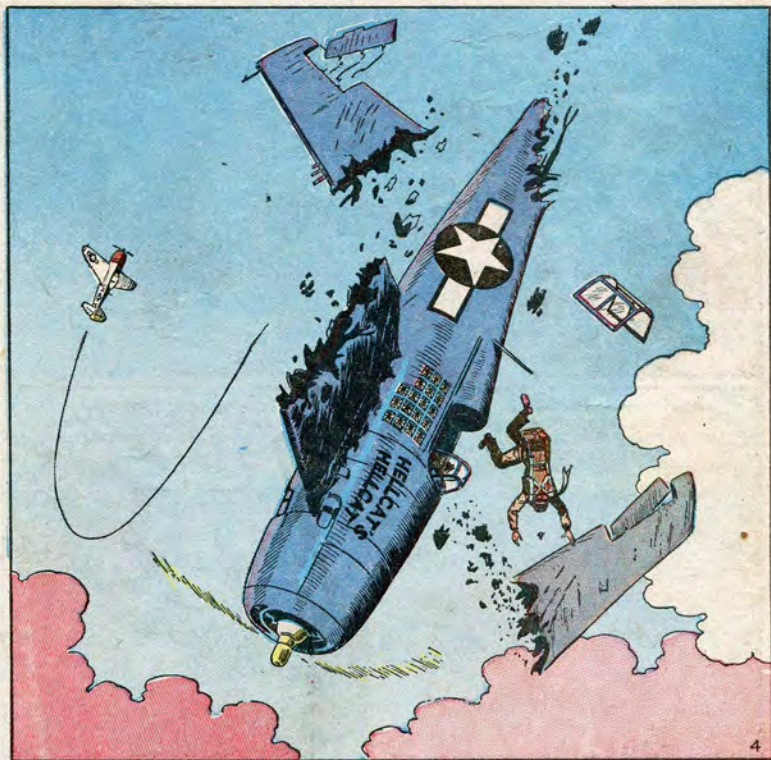
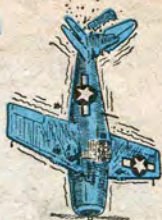
RANKIN, DON'T
BE A SAP.
YOUR CONTROLS
WILL FREEZE
AT COMPRESSIBILITY
—AND YOU HAVEN'T
ANY COMPRESSIBILITY
FLAPS ...

YOU WOULDN'T
LIKE TO
GET AWAY
FROM ME,
WOULD YOU
WILLYUM?

AT LEAST
KEEP YOUR
TRIM TABS
NEUTRAL

DON'T TELL
ME HOW
TO FLY,
SOLDIER!

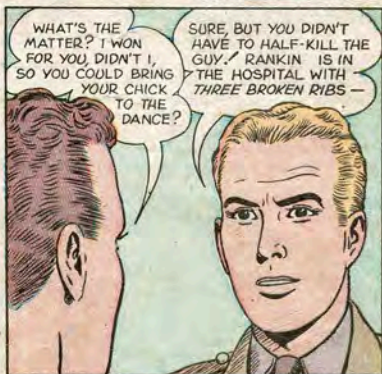
THE HELLCAT SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY
AS IT HITS COMPRESSIBILITY...ITS
WING SURFACES, UNABLE TO WITHSTAND
THE TREMENDOUS PRESSURE BEGIN
TO RIP OFF....



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



NEXT ISSUE . . . DOUG FAIRBANKS' STUFF

BIG SHOT

A Grand Band Worthy of Your Hand!



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Adjustable STAINLESS STEEL FLEX-O-BAND E-X-P-A-N-S-I-O-N WATCH BAND

\$2

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★
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FREE

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- ★ Fits any watch—any wrist
- ★ Never too loose, never too tight
- ★ Easy-on, easy-off—in a jiffy
- ★ Smart—lightweight—stainless steel

Flex-O-Band Will Enhance the Beauty of Your Watch —Regardless of Make, Model, Cost!

No matter what that watch of yours cost—Flex-O-Band will add to its appearance, make it look more expensive. Not only that but you'll really enjoy wearing Flex-O-Band. Ornamental as well as useful. Easy to slip over your hand—no clasp or buckle to fuss with. Instantly form-fits your wrist with snug comfort. Never too loose, never too tight—always just right. And it keeps its smart good looks and expensive appearance—made of lustrous stainless steel. Won't tarnish, won't rust. Order your Flex-O-Band right now—better yet, get several for gifts. Money back if not delighted.

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with stainless steel tarnish-proof back

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TAX
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*Mail
Coupon
Today*

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- | | | | |
|---|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Stainless Steel | <input type="checkbox"/> 1 for \$2 | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 for \$3.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 for \$5 |
| Gold Plated | <input type="checkbox"/> 1 for \$3 | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 for \$5.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 for \$8 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> I am enclosing \$_____ payment in full. | | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship C.O.D. I will pay Postman \$_____ plus postage. | | | |

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Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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6 FALCON FEATURES YOU'LL LIKE!

- ★ Simple to load, easy to operate
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- ★ Child can use it—and take good photos
- ★ Fixed focus, Minimax 50MM lens
- ★ Takes 16 pictures on standard 127 film
- ★ Beautiful ebony black plastic case



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WITH YOUR NAME IN
23-KT. GOLD

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Old timers know how easy it is to snap pictures with a genuine Falcon Candid Type Camera but more important to you is that even if you've never taken a picture before in your whole life you can quickly learn to use a Falcon—and take all kinds of snapshots and action photos that will surprise and delight you and amaze your family and friends. All you have to do is follow a few easy-to-understand printed directions and you're all set. Then you simply sight your subject through the eye-level view finder—and press the shutter lever. Click—you've taken a picture. It's easy as that with a Falcon—no easy a child can operate it. Thousands of people who never used a camera until they got a Falcon—now have albums full of precious photo-treasures they wouldn't part with for the world. Think of all the fun and pleasure you, too, can have with a Falcon Candid Type Camera—yours for only \$3.98, including a personalized carrying case with handy shoulder strap. The coupon will bring you one in a hurry—mail it right NOW.

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Name wanted in gold.

Check one and write in either \$3.98 or \$5.00 depending upon whether you want film or not.

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HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



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